

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Dr. J. C. Ayer** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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## AMEMORY OF THE WAR

An Old Soldier's Story of the Battle of Yellow Tavern.

## IEB STUART'S LAST FIGHT.

The Wounded General's Heroic Bravery in the Face of Death—Custer's Brilliant Charge as Seen by a Confederate Cavalryman.

"The most brilliant charge I ever witnessed was made by Custer at the battle of Yellow Tavern," said an old Confederate cavalryman. "It was near the beginning of what historians now call the Wilderness campaign."

"I was with Jeb Stuart, General Fitz Lee's division. Wickham's brigade and Phil Sheridan's troops were hanging on us like a pack of hungry wolves, nipping us at every turn."

"We left for the junction about 1 o'clock one night and reached Yellow Tavern before 10 o'clock the next morning. We hadn't more than halted at the Tavern when up comes Sheridan and tries to drive us out. It was a pretty tough struggle, a hand to hand fight, and we fell back from the Tavern, but held our position on the telegraph road leading to Richmond. I was with the battery on the extreme left wing, and it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when orders came for the whole division, except the First Division, to dismount."

"It did seem good, I can tell you, after so many hours in the saddle, to stretch out on the ground and take a smoke—that is, all who had anything to smoke. There was just one pipeful among that whole battery, and the boy who owned it passed it down the line, and each man took his turn puffing at it. When it was gone we all began to speculate on what devilry Custer would be up to next and how Jeb Stuart would head him off. It wasn't long before some fellow wished for a drink of water."

"You know how it is. When one man wishes for water the whole company begins to swear they are dying of thirst. Jack Saunders and I took a bunch of canteens and started over the hill to a spring. I had seen that spring in the morning. I was on my hands and knees over the spring when I heard Saunders' grunt of surprise."

"There, only a few hundred yards away, was a considerable body of cavalry. Sure that it was our right wing. I wondered to see them mounted and in ranks. Just then the voice of an officer rang out:

"'Cavalry! Attention! Draw saber!'"

"The entire line moved forward at a quick walk, and as the officer wheeled his horse I saw his face. My God, it was Custer! The situation came to Saunders and me like a flash. We threw down the canteens and started back to the battery on a dead run."

"'Trot!' Custer's voice rang out again. Then he shouted, 'Charge!'"

"With wild cheers, his cavalry dashed forward in a sweeping gallop, attacking our entire left wing at the same time. We saw our battery taken, our line broken and our men running like sheep. Saunders and I had but one thought—to join our fellow company. As we reached the battery, we found above the din of the battle I heard Jeb Stuart's voice. There was, making a stand with a handful of men around him."

"It seemed but a moment before Custer's troops were coming back as fast as they had gone forward. They had met with the First Virginians. We greeted them with the loudest yell and the loudest charge in our weapons. Jeb Stuart cheered us on—ah, how he cheered us! I gave them my last shot and was following with my weapon clutched under my arm. I saw a man who had been dismounted and was running out turn as he passed the United States and other companies. All of which the reader gets for one cent."

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THE SUN is the best type of a newspaper, morally and intellectually. In addition to the news of the day, it publishes the best features that can be presented, such as fashion articles and miscellaneous writings from men and women of note and prominence. It is an educator of the highest character, constantly stimulating to noble ideals in individual and national life.

THE SUN is published on Sunday, as well as every other day of the week.

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## SPURNED SMALL TIPS

Two Similar Incidents With Very Different Endings.

## A CONTRAST IN METHODS.

One of the Experiences Was in New York and the Other in Philadelphia With the Latter City.

"Recently I witnessed a couple of tipping incidents that, it occurred to me, illustrated a certain difference of spirit in two cities," observed a Washingtonian who gets about a good bit. "One of the occurrences took place in New York and the other in Philadelphia."

"The New York incident reduced my look almost to a starry pulp merely to look at, although, of course, it was none of my business."

"An elderly, dignified, graying man, who struck me as being a not very prosperous southern marooned in an unbecoming environment, entered a big brass band Harlem restaurant and took a table close to mine. He ordered a sardine sandwich and a bottle of beer. As he addressed himself to the waiter and sandwich with no very manifest gusto, it seemed plain that he had entered the place chiefly for the purpose of listening to some of the band music and that he had given his modest order as a sort of method of paying for his enjoyment of the music."

"The waiter picked the half up, giving vent at the same time to a sort of smothered snort, and pulling two dimes from his change pocket, tossed them in front of the elderly man and stood waiting with a glare on his face. The elderly man tucked one of the dimes into his pocket and gently pushed the other over to the edge of the table for the waiter to pick up. The waiter which the waiter gave this time wasn't smothered at all, and then he deliberately flipped the ten cent piece over the table to the door."

"The elderly man flushed from where his white hair left off at his forehead to where his somewhat frayed but immaculately white collar began. Anybody could see that he felt the insult and the humiliation keenly. Just as he picked up his hat from the chair beside him to go into the room, the waiter passed close to his table, and the elderly man summoned him."

"'Sir,' I heard him say in a low tone to the head waiter, who listened to him with stolid indifference, 'one of your waiters has just subjected me to a gross and uncalled for indignity. He gave me a glare and tossed me a dime. I want to see the manager of this establishment!'"

"The head waiter shrugged his shoulders with a sort of bored depreciation and without a word of reply turned his back upon the elderly man and strode away. The elderly man arose and walked out, his face still crimson."

"The other tipping incident took place a few days later in a Chestnut street restaurant in Philadelphia. A man at the table next to mine had ordered a couple of deviled crabs and a bottle of ale. His bill was 55 cents. He gave the waiter a dollar bill. The waiter brought back a quarter and the two dimes on a silver salver. The guest picked the quarter and one of the dimes from the salver. The waiter gave a grunt and chuckled the remaining dime off the salver on to the table, then walked away with a growl in his throat and a sneer on his face. The guest picked up the dime and stuffed it into his change pocket. Then he summoned the waiter, and told him to see the manager of the restaurant at once. The manager was at the table in less than a minute. The guest told him what he had to say in a few quiet words."

"'Tell me to report here to me,' said the manager to the first passing waiter."

"'No, no,' the waiter who was so far above dimes as tips that he tossed them back at the givers, appeared in a jiffy."

"'Go to the cashier and get your time,' said the manager to the waiter. Then he turned to the guest and came back to me."

"The waiter walked away and was back presently, with his coat on and his hat in his hand."

"'You are suspended for a week,' said the manager to the waiter, 'before you leave I want you to apologize to this gentleman for your conduct.'"

"'Oh, there's other hash houses in Phila,' I guess,' said the waiter impudently, turning to go."

"The manager, a medium sized man, had that waiter by the shoulders from behind in a good deal less time than it takes to tell it, and he booted that waiter, holding him that way by the shoulders from behind all the way to the entrance and then all the way across the sidewalk to the curb ditch, where the waiter was sent spinning like a top, only pulling up and getting his balance out in the middle of the street between the curbs."

"I don't think the two incidents require any comment as to the difference between a town like New York and a town like Philadelphia."—Washington Star.

## INTERESTED IN ANTIQUES.

Professor McGee (suddenly checking himself—Pardon me, Miss Genevieve, for talking so long. When I got started on my hobby I never knew when to stop. I ought not to have assumed, anyhow, that you are interested in antiques. Miss De Mair—Indeed I am, professor, I could listen to you for hours.—Chicago Tribune.

## HE PROMISED.

"I can't spare the money very well, but I'll gladly loan it to you if you promise not to keep it too long."

"I solemnly swear that I'll spend every penny of it before tomorrow morning."—Pilegate Blatter.

Rock temples at Ipsambul, on the Nile, are believed to be the world's oldest architectural ruins.

## WHEN R. RAINE IN INDIA.

While Jupiter Pluvius rains in India nothing can be done out of doors. The rain at times is simply a white liquid sheet dropping straight down from the heavens, so that no very great stretch of imagination is required to convince one that the deluge is not an impossible event.—Wide World Magazine.

## DOG SEES AID FOR HORSE.

Prisk, a beautiful coach dog and Jack, a two-year-old of trotting stock, were raised together on our farm and became fast friends, sleeping in the same stall and, in fact, were almost inseparable. Jack had been over on new oats, resulting in a severe attack of colic, which often proves fatal to horses in a short time. About midnight Prisk awakened us by scratching at the door and barking as if in great distress. Upon opening the door to ascertain the cause of the uproar, the dog leaping into the stall on his hind feet, putting his paws against me and whined most pitifully. I started toward the barn in the same appealing manner. My curiosity being thoroughly aroused, I followed and, before reaching the barn, could hear Jack kicking and growling. To cure him was no easy matter. Years afterward Jack was my "favorite" in many races, and Prisk was still a close and

## THE CHILD MIND.

Results of an Investigation into Infant Mental Processes.

Of forty-eight children, says Stanley Hall, twenty were under the moon and stars to live, sixteen thought flowers could feel and fifteen that dolls would feel pain if burned. The sky was found the chief field in which the children exercised their philosophic minds. About three-quarters of them thought the world a plane with the sky like a bowl turned over it, sometimes believing that it was of such a size that one could easily break through, though, so large that much floor sweeping was necessary in heaven. The sun may enter the ground when it sets, but half the children thought that at night it rolls or flies away or is blown or walks or God pulls it up higher out of sight, taking it up into heaven, according to some putting it to bed and even taking off its clothes and putting them on again in the morning, or, again, it is believed to lie under the trees at night and the angels mind it. God, of whom children always hear so much, plays a very large part in these conceptions and is made directly responsible for all con-

## LONG BOW STORIES.

Legends of the Famous Archers of the Remote Past.

Many "long bow" stories may be cited in the literature of the world, and by far the greater part of them had their origin in the remote past.

Verill, in the "Enedid," tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left at which to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire, and it swept on like a meteor to disappear in the clouds.

That is a bow and arrow story that tests the strongest powers of credulity. The stories of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance as Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain on one's power of belief.

The famous legend of William Tell is believed by some to have a foundation in fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story was told, and William of Cloudeley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his skill.

The majority of bow and arrow stories relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vignerot, tells one in which the main point is the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow is strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw a Parisian, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Soliman, send an arrow from his bow clean through a cannon ball. Whether the cannon ball had a hole in it or not he neglects to inform us.

Perhaps the most astounding of all such arrow shooting is that of the Indians of the Northwest Coast of Florida. It is said that a group of them would form a circle; one would throw an ear of corn into the air; the rest would shoot at it and shell it of every grain before it fell to the ground. Sometimes the arrows would strike the ear of corn so hard and fast that it would remain suspended in the air several minutes, and the corn never fell until the last grain had been shot away.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## HINDOO PROVERBS.

Happiness consists in the absence of anxiety.

Truth, contentment, patience and mercy belong to great minds.

Little things should not be despised. Many straws united will bind an elephant.

It can never be safe to unite with an enemy. Water, though heated, will soon extinguish a fire.

He who removes another from danger and he who removes terror from the mind are the greatest of friends.

Courage is tried in war, integrity in the payment of debt and interest, the faithfulness of a wife in poverty and friendship in distress.

Every one looking downward becomes impressed with the idea of his own greatness, but looking upward feels his own littleness.

He who in your presence speaks kindly, but in your absence speaks to injure, must be rejected like a bowl of poison covered with milk.

## Obedience of Orders.

A naval commander in the reign of Queen Anne was ordered to cruise with a squadron within certain limits on the coast of Spain. Having received information that a Spanish fleet was in Vigo, beyond his limits, he resolved to risk his personal responsibility for the good of his country. He accordingly attacked and defeated the Spanish fleet with uncommon gallantry. When he joined the admiral under whom he served, he was ordered to arrest the admiral and was asked if he did not know that by the articles of war he was liable to be shot for disobedience of orders.

He replied with great composure that he was very sensible that he was, but added, "The man who is afraid to risk his life in any way when the good of his country requires it is unworthy of a command in her majesty's service."

## Coughing in Lieu of Oratory.

A singular fashion which prevailed among the preachers of Cromwell's time was that of coughing or hemming in the middle of a sentence in order to attract the attention of the congregation. The necessity of continually attracting attention of the listeners could not have argued well for the brilliancy of the sermons. Some authorities say that the preachers coughed merely as an ornament to speech. At any rate, when the sermons were printed, as many of them were, the coughs and hems were always indicated on the margin of the page.—St. Louis Republic.

## Who Was Lying There.

The Veracious Verger—in the far corner lies William the Conqueror; behind the organ, where you can't see 'em, are the toms of Guy Fox, Robin Hood and Cardinal Wolsey. Now, does that guidebook as I see you 'ave in your pocket tell you who is 'lyin' here, sir?

The Skeptical Tourist—No, but I can guess.—London Mail.

## She Was Fed.

Miss—Did you remember to feed the cat every day during my absence? Servant—Every day but one, ma'am. Miss—And didn't the poor thing have anything to eat all day? Servant—Oh, yes, ma'am; she ate the canary.—Chicago News.

## Maddening.

A gentleman was attending a lecture one evening when he saw, two seats ahead of him, a man whom he took to be an acquaintance. Having no other way to attract his attention, he asked a stranger sitting next to him to ask the supposed acquaintance with his umbrella. At the disturbed man turned his head the gentleman discovered that he was not the person he had supposed, so he fastened his gaze attentively on the lecturer, leaving the man with the umbrella to settle with the man he had disturbed, an embarrassing and difficult task. At last the man with the umbrella turned rather indignantly to the gentleman.

"Didn't you ask me to poke that gentleman with my umbrella?"

"Yes."

"And why did you ask me?"

"I wanted to see whether you would do it!" was the reply.

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—OF THE—

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CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. T. W. HARRISON, Judge, Winchester, Va.

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